8: Baldus E-5 (1935, 1947) 1956 SP22 Tapirapé SP22

against the supposed menace and to kill the shaman who is suspected of having become an evil sorcerer.

Though, also as regards the institution of shamanism, fear works out as a factor of socialization by exorcising the dangers to the tribal life, we cannot say the same about the fear which produces in many Tapirapé a disposition to adapt themselves complacently to the white man. During my stay in 1935, in the village called Tampiitawa, I could distinguish clearly between the great group of timorous people led by Kamairahó who received with open arms all that came from our civilization, and a smaller group composed of decided and valorous people who didn't want anything to do with it. So there were two opposite trends in their "foreign policy" and consequently germs of tribal disintegration.

Of the direct causes of fear I want to mention the following: The Tapirapé were alarmed by my fury when I saw a man whipping his wife. To relate this case means to confess a most ethnocentric and therefore in no way ethnological behaviour. But I think that in order to be an ethnologist it is necessary to be able not to be an ethnologist in certain situations. At noon on July 15 I see that behind the house in which I was living with Kamairahó and thirty other Indians, the athletic Inamoréo, nearly twenty-two years old, is beating a woman. With a cane and the blade of his bush-knife he is whipping his wife. She is so small and tender that she seems to be a child in spite of being perhaps twenty years old. I run towards the couple to interfere. The little woman is weeping despairingly, but doesn't go away. The man tries to tug her towards the house which is their house and mine also. She struggles. There he enters the house. Finally she follows. I enter also. The man holds the knife. I have nothing in my hands, but I am bound by my upbringing; I am the weapon of my culture and my culture is my weapon. I say to Inamoréo that people do not beat a woman like a dog. (I refer to this animal because frequently, among the Tapirapé, it can only thus be prevented from eating the people's food.) Inamoréo pronounces insults and his wife sobs. Now I explain to all the people present that beating a woman is a bad thing. Later, when I am sitting together with Kamairahó and his wife. I tell them that if a white man should whip his wife, another white man would kill him with a revolver. Jokingly I add: "If you, Kamairahó, beat your wife, I have to kill you with my revolver." With these words I go away.

After a while Kamairahó passed me with a depressed face. I ask him: "Where are you going?" Without smiling he answers: "I am afraid of you." I embrace him, I kiss him impetuously in the Tapirapé manner, that is, rubbing my nose against his nose; but all this is in vain. He waits patiently until I let him go, continues walking, and tells the men and women whom he is passing that he is afraid of me, the white man who kills those who beat women. May I observe here that I always went around without a weapon among the Tapirapé, keeping the revolver, as Kamairahó knew, in my hammock hanging close to his hammock, and even there the revolver was at hand only to be at the disposal of the same Kamairahó in order to protect him against the event of nocturnal attack by the Kayapó Indians, the most terrible neighbours. Kamairahó enters his house and immediately from there sounds an agitated and long talk. With the speed of lightning the news spreads through the village that Kamairahó is afraid of me and is lying in his hammock and that I would kill with a revolver the husbands who whip their wives. A middle-aged woman joins me, saying: "I am afraid of you." I assure her again that I am not bad, that, on the con-